

The World
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SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 11.
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THE APRIL RECORD.
The Number of "WOLDS" Printed During the Month of April, 1899, Was
TEN MILLION FIVE HUNDRED AND SEVEN THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED AND EIGHTY.
THE DAILY AVERAGE WAS
350,256,
Exceeding the Combined Circulation of Any Two Other American Newspapers.
CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL

A RECORD TO BE PROUD OF.
This is the anniversary of THE WORLD's sixth birthday under its present management. In its issue this morning is recited in detail the story of its marvellous growth in influence and circulation and as a medium of advertising.
It is truly a record of deeds accomplished at which the world at large may well wonder. THE WORLD in all of its editions is the organ of the people and not of cliques. In defense of the people's rights it has ever fought valiantly. By its sturdy blows giant monopolies have been brought low and right has triumphed over money.
By its vigilance, fearlessness, independence and championship of law and order, criminals entrenched behind almost insurmountable barriers of influence have been brought to bar and placed in prison where they belonged, deep mysteries have been solved, reputations cleared of unjust suspicions, the weak succored, the hungry fed, unworthy servants exposed, and patriotism exalted.
The good of the country has been its especial care, and it has never sought favor with the powerful at the sacrifice of its exercise of honest criticism of error.

BLUE-COATED TERRORS.
As a whole the police force of this city is an admirable body of men. Of its efficiency we have often spoken in terms of highest praise. But like all bodies of men, it contains its black sheep. The eradication of this disreputable element should be the desire of the worthy members, and especially of those responsible for the discipline of the force.
To shield a policeman from the consequences of brutal acts is not only a crime against the public, whose servant he is, but it throws discredit upon the whole Department.
The developments in the FINN case show that instead of being preservers of the peace and defenders of the dignity of the law, there are some policemen who are terrorists not to evil-doers, but to the weak and helpless.
What a travesty on justice to see a police officer the pet of a dog!

The idea that a policeman can do no wrong has been too often dissipated to be entertained. They are very human, and sometimes inhuman.
The presumption that a man is guilty of crime simply because a policeman says so is untenable. All the veracity in this city is not enveloped in blue coats.
In the FINN case let justice be done, even though "one of the finest" is stripped of his uniform and pilloried for his misconduct.

MR. GERRY'S EXCESS OF ZEAL.
THE EVENING WORLD regrets to see that Mr. MARSHALL T. GERRY still spends a good portion of his time at Albany in his efforts to finally defeat the Children's Bill.
It is extraordinary that any man who has the welfare of young children at heart should so oppose this humane measure, and that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children should seek to defeat a bill that, while it will remedy the many abuses and errors of its agents, will in no wise restrict its broad field for admirable work.
THE EVENING WORLD has never impugned Mr. GERRY's motives, or questioned his devotion to his charity. But the undeniable injustice and hardship resulting from the present atrocious law are none the less real because Mr. GERRY has been moved merely by an excess of zeal.

MEN'S RIGHTS.
Slowly but surely places heretofore exclusively held by men are being encroached upon by women. But one citadel was sup-

posed to be impregnable—the smoking-car. Alas! that, too, is now being invaded by the cigarette-smoking females, and there is great consternation in consequence.
The members of the fair sex are generally welcome everywhere, and the refining influence of their presence is manifested quickly, but it does seem as though they might let the smoking-cars alone. It is the common wallowing place of men of all degrees. True democracy reigns in the smoking-car. Within its portals all caste distinctions are levelled, that cleanliness which is next to godliness is unknown.

The smoking-car has been to the masculine gender a haven of rest, a safe shield for the whiskey flask, and a place where they could be just as "mannish" as they pleased.
The introduction of females into the smoking-car must not be encouraged. They do not look well therein. The line of woman's advance must be drawn somewhere. Let it be at the threshold of the perambulating smoking-pen.

MUNDANE MATTERS.
The judges of the Lackawanna County (Pa.) Court held a session in the open air yesterday to hear argument in a railroad case. They sat on a log. It is to be hoped that the decision will not savor of judicial log-rolling.

The pension craze is extending rapidly. We shall not be surprised to hear some day of a demand for pensions from an amalgamated union of those who lost their courage during the war.

The vote on the Rapid Transit bill in the Assembly yesterday was a tie. The expressions of disappointment among city people at the postponement of needed relief may be called "the morning of the tie."

By some of the furious wind-storm of yesterday is thought to have been caused by the bursting of lighthouse pen-up wraith of the boisterous spoolmen. They are a windy set.

The peds at Madison Square Garden may not break the record, but they are all broken up themselves.

Burning a man in effigy seldom harms the object of such venomous procedure, but the burners are quite frequently severely scorched.

THE CARTERS REST.
Their Case Will Probably Go to the Jury Friday Next.

(SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.)
CHICAGO, May 11.—Both sides in the Carter divorce suit rested to-day. It is expected that four days will be consumed by the speeches of the lawyers, each taking a day, and in that event the case will go to the jury Friday.

Mrs. Carter denied the statement of Kate Gansley that she stood beside a man on the north terrace of the Cooper House and held her hand to her face when she saw the man there were two straw. Susan Peterson, Mrs. Carter's maid, corroborated Mrs. Carter's statement that she saw the man on the terrace, and swore that the chambermaid at the Fifth Avenue Hotel emptied the pall into the street, and that she saw the man on the terrace from which Carter said he picked the fragments and pasted them together.

Q. Was the chambermaid a middle-aged man, testified that he had met Wm. Constable, Jr., at Florence and he should judge his age to be about forty-five years.
Q. Did he have hair as gray as yours? A. No, sir.

The object of calling Prentiss was to show that, in his anxiety to explain his relations with Constable, Mrs. Carter had under-estimated the probability of his being taken for a gallant by stating that he was nearly sixty-five years of age. Mrs. Carter again took the stand and gave the lie direct to Mrs. Carter in regard to the way he came to get the Pierce poetry. He swore that he accidentally found it. This cleared the testimony and the case was adjourned until Monday.

New York has a leper. Read about him in the SUNDAY WORLD.

THEY CAST BREAD ON THE WATERS.
But the Daughters Strikers Didn't Have the Proverb in Mind.

(SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.)
DUNQUEEN, Pa., May 11.—Three men, who have been working in the mills since the trouble began and were living in Cochran's row, attempted to go to work as usual at 7 o'clock this morning. They had not proceeded far when they were met by a gang of the strikers who called a halt. The men kept on moving towards the mills until they came to a point where the strikers were waiting to prevent them from going on. They wanted to proceed, but the strikers would not allow them. Hot words followed, and the men showed a determination to go on, when three of the strikers whipped out two revolvers and demanded that they stop. When the men refused to stop, the strikers were in and knowing that another step would probably mean the death of some of them, they turned and retraced their steps. The strikers drove them back to their homes, where they are at present.

Another incident that much resembles the action of the famous Boston tea party was enacted at the Monongahela River landing at this place. It is customary for Mr. Fawcett, who is running the boarding-house for the men who are working in the mill, to bring his provisions across at an early hour. This morning the ferryman was waiting over about five barrels of bread to be taken into the new boarding-house. The strikers were in and knowing that another step would probably mean the death of some of them, they turned and retraced their steps. The strikers drove them back to their homes, where they are at present.

What good does a deserted wife get from imprisoning her husband asks the SUNDAY WORLD.

TURNER'S SENTENCE MUST STAND.
DES MOINES, Ia., May 11.—The Iowa Supreme Court yesterday decided that the sentence of Chester Turner must stand. Turner was a youth sentenced to seventeen and one-half years imprisonment for burglary, because it is alleged, his release or a short term might lead to the conviction of prominent citizens for various illegal acts. The case has been made the subject for long continued agitation in Iowa, one phase culminating in the indictment and trial of Gov. LATTICE for criminal libel.

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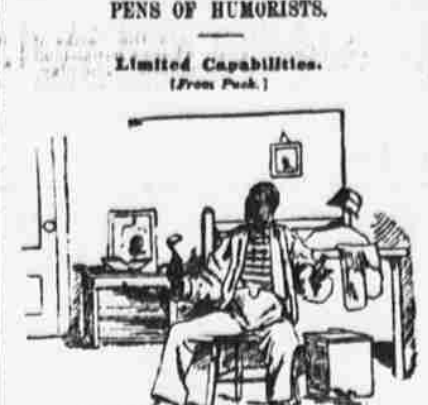
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MERRY TOPICS OF THE DAY.

HUMAN NATURE AS DEPICTED BY THE
PENS OF HUMORISTS.
Limited Capabilities.
(From Punch.)



Mr. Washington McAllister Milton—"Patent safety razor: a birthday remembrance from Miss Julia Mathew."—Now, that's very kind of Julia; but she's been in society long enough to know a thing like that's no use for a gentleman to take to a party!

Oratory for You.
(From the Epoch.)
Daughter—Talk about your Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Everett, Calhoun, A.C., phaw! Henry made a better speech than any of them last night.

Father—What did he say?
Daughter—He said: "Sillie, I love you; I have three millions. Will you have me?"

Attention, athletes!—Read in the SUNDAY WORLD of the coming bare race.

Poor Don Miguel.
(From the Epoch.)
Mother (talking daughter from parlor)—What is that horrible smell?
Daughter—Yoh! Be quiet, Don Miguel de Caranba is with me. He has eighteen millions. What you smell is his garlic breath and the onion pomatum he uses. Just wait till I'm his wife. Mother—All right.

Didn't Want the Title.
(From Texas Sittings.)
Professor (to guide)—What is the name of this lake?
Guide—I don't know.
"Well, as a guide, you ought to know."
"Yes, and have the people call me Professor."

Read Nettie Bly's experience with an unlicensed patent broker, in the SUNDAY WORLD.

Rain Measurement.
(From the Chicago Tribune.)
"What is the average rainfall per month in this Oklahoma country?" inquired the boomer from Illinois.
"As near as I can guess," said the boomer from Missouri, "it's a severe mental effort. It's about five fingers."

She Saw Through It.
(From the New York Weekly.)
Miss De Pink—Oh, mother, that reminds me. The other day I was riding in the cars when that wrinkled old lady came in, and it's a fact that Mr. Desmarteau, who didn't know me at that time and didn't even see me, jumped right up and offered the old lady a seat. Wasn't that noble?

Mrs. De Pink (serenely)—He did not know you at that time, but I happen to be aware that he has long known the old lady. She is the grandmother of one of the prettiest and richest girls in the city.

What satisfaction does a deserted wife get from shutting up her spouse in prison cells? See the SUNDAY WORLD.

Unprofessional Conduct.
(From the Epoch.)
A.—How's the young doctor doing?
Dr. Bulburey.—Doing? The measly upstart! He's stealing my patients, that's what he's doing. Why, last week old Hunk was sick. I told him he couldn't get well. I gave him up. And what does this young puppy do but step in and cure him, and that, mind you, after I've given him up. Such conduct is a disgrace to any school of medicine—the second.

A Human Iceberg.
(From the Epoch.)
Ted—So she cost you all that money? Why, the girl must be made of ice-cream? Why, then, I guess you're right. She is a Boston girl and a regular freezer herself.

It Turned Up Ten Soons.
(From the Epoch.)
"What's the matter, Bromley?"
"I've recovered my valise."
"I don't see why you should swear in that way about it."
"Oh, you don't, eh? The darned thing isn't worth ten and it had to turn up just when the Company was about to allow me \$50 for it. It's not my luck."

Read in the SUNDAY WORLD about the leper in the midst of us.

A Lesson in Love.
(From the Epoch.)
George (nervously)—Do you love me? Will you marry me?
Almira—Not so fast, George. One at a time, please.

Crushed Again.
(From the Epoch.)
Miss Lovelorn—Did you mean that as a smile at me?
Oldbean—No, my dear; it was a twinge of the rheumatism.

Kept Both Kinds.
(From the Epoch.)
Lady (at general store)—I want a bird.
Clerk—Yes; bonnet or dinner?

Don't Worry.
(From the Epoch.)
Husband—I'm going into business in Wall street and don't know whether to be a "bull" or a "bear."
Wife—Don't worry, dear; you will always be a borest of some kind.

Complying with the Rules.
(From Judge.)
Old Mr. Sheets—It's a pecky onhandy way of getting on the cars, but I s'pose them rules has got to be followed.

Trading with the Nations in the Interior of Africa. Read the SUNDAY WORLD.

They Have Moved.
The fire insurance sale of men's clothing has moved to 532 Broadway, corner of Spring street, May 12, at 10 o'clock. Go to Spring street and you will see the pile. Take it out and go to Spring street for the fire sale of clothing.

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR DYSPYPSIA.
The Great Remedy for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Flatulence, and all the ailments of the stomach and bowels. It is a purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. One Dose. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial.

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THE WORLD OF SPORTS

There is not a sporting man in this city of any standing who condemns Jockey Jimmy McLaughlin's action at the Nashville track in checking Terra Cotta's winning pace in the Rock City Handicap to allow Santolosa, the stable companion, to cross the line first.

Clara C. came in ahead by a slip, but the Chicago stable lads were only carrying out Mr. Hankins' orders. While many blame Mr. Hankins, no one who knows the Hartford jockey can be got to find the least fault with him. He has always been remarkable for his upright character.

Pat Sheedy has just received an interesting letter from William Jordan, of the California Athletic Club, in which Mr. Jordan says that the largest crowd that ever gathered in the club's rooms was present at the Carroll-Jackson fight. Two hundred members joined the club extremely to witness the fight, and the crowd in the street, completely blocking it as far as the Palace Hotel, was unprecedented.

Sheedy, by the way, is grieved that he should have been made to say in a recent newspaper article that Mr. Nick was not a member of the California Athletic Club.

"I was particularly sorry that I should have been misquoted," says Mr. Jordan. "I was royally entertained at the club, which I regard as the finest athletic club in the world. The club has him for a President it will prosper. I know that Mr. Nick has been a director of the club for two years, and he has a club here like the California Athletic Club it would be a grand thing."

The Pole, Chynski, who is looked upon as a coming man by Californians, and Jim Corbett, who is the instructor of boxing at the Olympic Club, are matched to fight soon to a finish for \$1,000 a side, in private, only ten persons on a side to be present.

Joe Glassey says he will accept Jack Griffin's challenge to meet him in five months for 100 pounds for \$150. He will meet him any day at the Illustrated News office to post forfeit and sign articles.

The California Jimmy Carroll expresses himself very anxious to see the claim of circulation fall. My duty to my stockholders compels me to inquire into the character of every investment of the Association's money.

"You need say nothing more," said the representative of THE WORLD; "I am sure I am justified in speaking for THE WORLD in making you this proposition: THE WORLD will submit all of its books and other data to you, or to experts chosen by you. If THE WORLD's claim as to its circulation, as published, is not absolutely verified to your satisfaction and to the satisfaction of the experts to be chosen by you, you need not pay a cent for this advertisement."

"Mr. Harper forthwith addressed the following communication to Mr. George W. Turner, business manager of THE WORLD:

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, MUTUAL RESERVE FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION, 123 BOWERY, NEW YORK, March 9, 1899.

DEAR SIR: When I gave the order for the one-half page advertisement for your Sunday edition, I was with the assurance that the circulation of the Sunday World averages over 350,000 copies per Sunday. I have since heard of a large advertiser who has been told that the figures are much below these. As a matter of business, and in justice to my Company, I request the privilege of being allowed to examine your circulation books and making such other investigation as is necessary to establish the true facts before paying the bill.

E. B. HARPER, President.

The reply was prompt, and as follows:

THE WORLD PUBLICATION OFFICE, 123 BOWERY, NEW YORK, March 9, 1899.

DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 9th inst., intimating that the circulation of THE WORLD is overstated, received and the request granted.

I have only one request to make, namely, that you will if possible secure the co-operation of every large advertiser in this city and employ such high talent in the examination of our books as will place the verdict absolutely beyond cavil or dispute. Yours very truly,

G. W. TURNER, Business Manager.

President Harper determined not only to make an examination himself, aided by trusted experts from his own office, but, if possible, to call to his assistance financiers of great experience, recognized ability and reputation.

He selected, as the three gentlemen competent to undertake the examination, Mr. William A. Camp, Manager of the New York Clearing House; Mr. Thomas L. James, ex-Postmaster-General, and now President of the Lincoln National Bank and of the Lincoln Safe Deposit Company; and Mr. O. D. Baldwin, President of the American Loan and Trust Company.

Every one connected with banks or banking throughout the world knows at least by reputation the venerable but still active manager for twenty years past of the New York Clearing House for Banks. Through his hands passes daily a greater volume of money than is exchanged through any institution in the world—greater than through the clearing-house for banks in either London or Paris—far greater than through the treasury of any Government.

In his thirty years' career of service, the total amount of exchange under his direct supervision has been over

Vicarious.
(From Punch.)
On the Underground Railway—Irascible old gentleman (who is just a second too late)—Confound it and I—
Fair Stranger (who feels the same, but dares not express it)—Oh, thank you so much!

How Ellen Terry Appears Off the Stage.
Romantic incidents in her life. Read the SUNDAY WORLD.

New Music.
(From the Epoch.)
Shears—Tooter had an addition to his family this morning.
Editor—What was it?
Shears—A boy.
Editor—Make a note of it under the head of "New Music."

Marriage a Failure.
(From the Epoch.)
Bessie—Gracie, poor thing, cried at her marriage.
Gracie—Yes; and I understand she has done little else ever since.

An Undesired Punishment.
Criticized by Nettie Bly. See the SUNDAY WORLD.

Ten Days.
(From the Epoch.)
Judge—Why did you kill the man?
Murderer—To get his watch.
Judge—And why did you give yourself up?
Murderer—It was a Waterbury.

Pictures and sketches of New York's street boat crews.
In the SUNDAY WORLD.

The favorite steamer, MARY POWELL, will commence her regular route for the season of Wednesday, May 22, making all usual landings.

MONKELL'S TEETHING CORNIAL in soothing soothes the gums and calms the nerves. 25 cents a vial.

BACKACHE, LAMENESS, RHEUMATISM, USE CARTER'S SMART WAX AND BELLADONNA PLASTERS.

Corrects SOUR STOMACH.
Dr. PIERCE'S PELLETS
(DIETETIC TABLETS.)

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